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NOVEMBER, 1914

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

IN EASTERN LANDS.

Her Best Story. Julia Hand Bronson .	4
Spiritual Blessing. Dr. Grace Spencer .	6
Personals	7

HERE AND THERE.

A Vital Force	8
Prayers for Unity Rev. Robert P. Mackay, D.D.	8
Intelligent Prayer. Rev George H. C. MacGregor	9
A Gift That Counts	9

FOR MISSION BANDS.

In the Hills. Frances Webb	10
A Red Letter Day. Susan Augusta Pratt	11

ITEMS OF BUSINESS.

Treasurer's Statement	12
Endowed Beds in Margaret Williamson Hospital	13
Endowed Beds in Mary S. Ackerman- Hoyt and Maria Ackerman Hoyt	
Memorial Hospitals	13

THE MISSIONARY LINK

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"What? and Why?" is a leaflet giving a brief account of the Society and work in the form of question and answer. "Mission Band Leaflets" are original stories written especially for this portion of our work.

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

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WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

This Society was organized in 1860, and is the pioneer of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in America.

It is undenominational, and so it presents a united Christian front to the heathen world.

It is carried on entirely by women, with unsalaried officers.

Its aim is the salvation and elevation of heathen women.

"Win for Christ," its motto.

PROFESSOR ROSS, in his book, "The Changing Chinese," says: "All the railroads that may be built, all the mines that may be opened, all the trade that may be fostered, cannot add half as much to the happiness of the Chinese people as the cultivation of the greatest of their 'undeveloped resources'—their womanhood.

"The work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is to bring this happiness of which Professor Ross speaks, by developing this greatest of Chinese resources, by helping Chinese womanhood to become a moral force in the nation. It seeks to exhibit the love life realized and practised in the home and nation, until the laws of the land demand that the example of every man shall be an example safe and beneficent for every other man to follow."

"DURING the last year twenty-four new societies have been formed. For successful winning of members, the society at Tsingchowfu leads all the others. At the last report there were seventy in the Union, and two hundred and fifty in the Loyal Temperance Legion, although recently there is call for fifty more badges, and for one hundred more pledges."

A SOCIAL Service League has been started in Changsha, Hunan, where are a number of wealthy Chinese ladies who have no outside interests. The League works toward the improvement of conditions in the homes of the poor. A District Nurse has been secured, who will give hygienic lectures on tuberculosis, home hygiene, the care of children, contagious diseases, and other subjects."

THESE facts must carry weight: "India has 147 languages, ten of which are each spoken by ten million or more of the population; 66,500,000 of Mohammedans; 4,500,000 mendicants, or 'holy men'; 2,378 principal castes, with many other minor caste divisions. There are 100,000,000 who cannot be reached by the present missionary force in this generation. If Christ had begun to visit villages in India after the resurrection and had visited one village each day since He would not yet have completed the task."

WE have bid farewell to Miss Clara Alward, who returns after furlough to our Bible School and evangelistic work in Japan, the center of which is in our Mission premises at 212 Bluff, Yokohama.

She was accompanied on her voyage, September 26th, by our latest appointment, Miss Julia M. Tarver, who will take charge of the music in our Girls' Boarding and Day School on the same premises. We bespeak the loving interest and earnest prayers of our friends for these members of our missionary family.

IT is with warm sympathy that we commit Dr. Mina McKenzie to the tender mercies of the living God in her perilous journey to India. She is brave enough to attempt the voyages which may be fraught with hindrances, because the claims of our *Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital* at Fātehpur are pressing. Bear her in daily remembrances for wisdom to meet emergencies and faith in the power of Him she serves.

LIBRARY OF THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
NOV 13 1914



GARDEN AT 212 BLUFF

IN EASTERN LANDS.

JAPAN—YOKOHAMA.

HER BEST STORY.

By JULIA HAND BRONSON.

THERE was once a girl who loved to tell stories. From her first audience of small brothers she passed to larger ones of her brothers' friends, her Sunday-school class, and her friends' children, so that by the time she was a woman the story habit was strong upon her. Then she went to Japan and found more interesting and wonderful stories—true ones—than she had ever read or told in all her life.

"Tell me your best story," said a friend.

"My best story?" answered the missionary thoughtfully. "Why, I cannot—it is too long—it would take all day and all to-morrow and all the days to come— And, besides, it is not finished. I am in the midst of it now."

"Are you reading it?"

"Yes, I am reading it in a way, but better than that; I am *in* it.

"You see," she went on, "I did not know the first chapters; I had to get all that part

from the older missionaries, and from books, but now here I am, and there is a new page every day, and I would not miss it for anything."

The missionary's eyes wandered over the pretty summer garden at 212 Bluff, and a lively scene presented itself. It was late afternoon, school duties were over, and the recreation hour had begun. "There is an interesting chapter I am reading now," she said.

The interesting chapter was a studious-faced girl of seventeen, who answered her teacher's greeting as she passed with a shy smile.

"She looks happy," observed the friend.

"She *is* happy—now. But last year! You see it was this way: Her father, a Buddhist, sent her to the school as a day-pupil. She studied the Bible in her class-room daily, the truth sank into her heart, and she became a sincere and earnest Christian. Of course she confessed her faith at home, and asked to be allowed to receive baptism. Allow baptism? Never! Her father would not even allow her to go to church, though she asked and wanted it, oh, so much!

"Then the blow fell. One day last Spring she came to tell me that she was to be taken

out of school and sent away to live in Tokyo in the family of a strict and narrow Buddhist. "Oh," she said, "it is hard to leave my mother and brothers and sisters, but I would go willingly, gladly, if only it were a Christian home."

"There seemed no way out. Arrangements had all been completed. Legal adoption papers would soon be signed. 'Mitsu,' I said, 'you must never give up your faith.' 'I never will, never—never!' she cried.

"But my heart was sore troubled at thought of this poor little lamb going forth into the midst of wolves who would do all in their power to hurt and destroy the new life. Very soon the day came when she was withdrawn. We sent her forth with many prayers and with all the encouragement and cheer we could give. The adoption was postponed, I believe, clearly in answer to earnest prayer, but she was sent to Tokyo to the home of non-Christian relatives, where, though she trimmed her light and let it shine brightly, she had a very, very hard time.

"Just at this point, when things seemed darkest for her, it came to our ears that her father, whom we had supposed to be a very prosperous man, had failed in business, lost everything, and that withdrawing his daughters from school and parcelling them out among relatives, was one of the first steps in necessary retrenchment.

"For us, that cleared the skies a little, for we immediately sent to the father, telling him that his daughter's excellent standing in our school, and great promise, justified us in offering her a free scholarship in our boarding-school until such time as he had recovered himself and could pay again. This communication brought the man to us, so moved with grateful emotion that he found it difficult to speak, for he really loves his children. It also brought a little letter from Mitsu, overflowing with joy. She summoned the best English at her command and wrote, 'It is impossible to express my rapture.'

"So our little thrust-forth sheep came back to the beloved fold after half a term's absence, and made up her lessons so well, hard lessons they were too, that she got on the honor roll and soon stood at the very head of her class. She goes to church every Sunday, for when her father came to accept our offer, we said: 'We shall expect Mitsu to attend church with the others.' He looked uncomfortable, swallowed hard, and assented. He could do nothing else, he was so grateful!"

"How about baptism?" asked the friend.

"That," said the missionary, "will probably be written in the next chapter. After much prayer, Mitsu took the matter up again with her father during the summer holiday, and found him much softened, and she feels quite sure he will allow it soon. She belongs to our Inquirers' Class."

"What about Mitsu's support?" "Oh, that is arranged," said the missionary. "I opened a letter in June, and out fell a friend's personal cheque, which will carry her until Spring, the beginning of her Senior year."

"Is that a chapter, too?" asked the friend, indicating a tall, graceful Bible woman just entering the gate. "Yes, there are two principal characters in that chapter, and it is very pleasant reading, too. Shall I tell you?"

"That Bible woman is a graduate of another Mission School, but has come to us for three years' training and experience in evangelistic work. She wants it because she is going to be a pastor's wife. She has an income of her own, a very, very tiny one—so small you would need a microscope to see it. And what do you think she is doing with it? Saving it against that happy day of which she dreams when she and her minister-lover will furnish a new little nest of their own? Not a bit. She is putting it into permanent investment, and there is the 'permanent investment' running to meet her now." The friend looked and saw a tall little girl, one of the forty new ones who entered last Spring.

"Yes," said the missionary, "she is supporting that child in school herself. The little girl is her fiancé's sister, but he is a very poor minister, and is caring for his own parents, and there is nothing left over for boarding-school fees. So this good little Bible woman stepped in and decided that she would rather give her future sister-in-law an education and Christian training than to have a bride's chest."

"She does not look as if it were a sacrifice." "Of course not, for it is not. She never thinks of it in terms of sacrifice, but only as a great opportunity and privilege."

A young Bible woman of diminutive size hurried by.

"I suppose that is a *short* chapter?" laughed the friend.

"Indeed it is a very long chapter, for it began away back in the early days of our school here, before that child was born. You see that young Bible teacher is a 'find.'

"Did you ever hear about Michael Angelo and the block of stone by the road side?"

"Yes," said the friend, "and how he asked some one what he saw there, and the friend said, 'a stone,' and Angelo said: 'I see an angel'—yes, I know that old story, but what has it to do with *this* little bright-eyed chapter?"

"It was this way," answered the missionary. "Long, long ago in those early days of struggle and difficulty here, a girl came to school and graduated, but first she had the vision. She married and had a home of her own, and children, but she was always searching among wayside stones for angels. That was the way she happened to discover a small child in a heathen home. First she taught her about Jesus in a little Mission Sunday School. Later she brought her to our school and begged a place for her. You see this chapter depends altogether on what happened in an earlier one. Very soon the 'angel' began to emerge. The little heathen girl became a Christian. She graduated and has been an earnest, faithful Bible woman and teacher ever since. She has a wonderful influence over a very wide circle of people. She is absolutely devoted to her work. This Summer she had a call from a committee of the most prominent clergymen and Christian workers in Japan, to go over to Korea and as far as Manchuria, on a special mission to the unevangelized Japanese women there. She went cheerfully, laying her entire summer holiday on the altar of service. As to the results—they are all in a chapter she must tell you herself—perhaps she will some day."

Just then the supper bell rang and ever so many chapters hurried by all together on the way to the dining-room. The missionary who loved to tell stories looked with very tender eyes at these hurrying human documents, and wished she had time to tell more.

Said her friend as she rose: "Do you ever peep ahead in your book to see how the story is going to turn out?"

"I do not have to," answered the missionary triumphantly, "for I know."

"Of course I do not know all the details, and it is better anyway to have them unfold day by day, but I am quite sure it is one of those satisfactory stories where everyone is 'happy ever after.' You see, I am in the story myself, in a small way, so I am sure of a share of the happiness—and then, as to the rest——"

"Yes, as to the rest?"

"Well, I know the Author of the whole story, the 'Author and Finisher' we call Him, and He, Himself, has promised us the happy ending."

INDIA—FĀTEHPUR

SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS

By DR. GRACE SPENCER

YOU will be glad to hear our good news, showing the Master's definite hand. It is a wonderful story. It includes Batassia Surti's family, Baldeo, his mother, and big brother, our little *syce* and his wife, and our loyal watchman, Gyadean. We have all had our lessons, and I think made progress upward.

First our little friend, Muni, professing her faith and love in Jesus, was baptized with her two boys, one fourteen, the other four. Baldeo answered so clearly every time we ask him about it: "What happened to you?" "I was made a disciple of Jesus Christ." I suggested, "You were made a child of Jesus Christ," but he came out clearly with his own thought, "a disciple." He often comes to me to learn the hymns about Jesus.

The baptismal service set the servants thinking, and we were quietly trying to bring the teaching home to them. One night our faithful night watchman, who has been with us over three years, was bitten by a crite when he was on duty looking after us all. He had been a great comfort ever since Dr. McKenzie went home on furlough. Often when the night nurses would get startled or frightened they would hear his clear, confident, "Do not be afraid; I am near." I could not appeal to him in any way better than to say, "The nurses are comforted when they know you are awake and within call." Realizing the big fellow's loyalty to me and our work, I had real rest at nights.

The nurses told me immediately of this serious bite, and we began to try and save him. He never murmured, but bowed in tense feeling at my feet. Before drowsiness crept over him, he turned to the Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ: "I will believe," he said, and I knew he meant that his scruples were being swept away.

Then he said to me: "Oh, Miss Sahib, I have been praying night and morning every day." This gave me joy in spite of the acute anxiety and strain I was under, for I had known the big fellow had been trying to live clean and true, and be faithful to his Maker.

He had been a great man in his caste, although so humble with me, and I knew the breaking of these relations had seemed to him a very hard thing, as many were dependent on him, and he had tried to think it was not necessary to be a Christian, but must trust

God and live free from sin. A real strength and strong hope came over me as I said to him, "You are trusting Jesus Christ?" He bowed his head in assent, and before all the crowd I gave him our glad comfort. "Then He will not leave thee, you have no fear?" And he again bowed and assented.

I feel God met him for he turned to Him alone. You understand what that means to a village Hindu. It means faith. He lived nine and half hours and was fully conscious six of them.

One of the hard things about it was this: A man who had been brought to justice for sin by our watchman had vowed to have the evil spirits kill him in six months. Unfortunately our watchman did die within the six months, so there was a great talk over it all. I had to bring out my version of the matter after prayer, which was that God met him at a crisis to save him. I feel that our watchman had answered negatively the appeal of conscience, because of special teaching and Muni's baptism. His especial hindrance for becoming a Christian was a plan for marriage with a Hindu wife. He might have drifted away, but God met him by this sudden facing eternity to save him forever, for, as Miss Durrant says, "It was wonderful; he showed such submission to the Heavenly Father's will."

It was wonderful how the servants responded to my message of hope and trust in God—Christ's words to Philip I left with them: "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known Me?" For years they had been hearing of Him, and would they doubt Him in times of sorrow?

As the heathen relatives carried the body off to the Ganges I turned to our little *syce*, and said: "They will probably call on Devis and devatas, but you know we trust Jesus Christ for his soul. Only call on Him." The young fellow turned to me suddenly, almost reproachfully, "Miss Sahib, I only trust Jesus Christ, and Him alone." Then in the Dispensary and Sunday-school we have awakened to the fact that his wife answers gladly when every one else is silent: "Jesus Christ saves our souls."

Batassia went with me to the mourners and I did not doubt the love and hope that shone in her face as she said to the sorrowing wife and family: "Listen, she will give you the comfort of Jesus Christ." This is the Batassia of whom we have been praying for three years. At her first visit to our *Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital*, although we supposed her to be dying, her brother stood over her and

threatened her if she dared listen to our teaching of Christ. During that stay in the Hospital she showed absolute terror and refused to take medicine for fear we would spoil her cure by a last dose of poison! This is her third term in the Hospital. She wants to be a Christian now—a follower of our Master.

She went off to our watchman's village, which was her own village, and spent one day with his wife to tell her how he had learned about Jesus and trusted Him to the end. This was a little missionary work of her own accord. Dear Batassia, such a long, hard struggle she has had toward the light.

I believe it is in God's plan, too, to bring to Himself Surti's son and prejudiced son-in-law, and that He has been working for us all through these times of lesson learning. Pray for them. The son is interested keenly, and remembers his mother's faith with reverence. A few months ago Dr. McKenzie wrote: "We are praying for one hundred souls in Fâtehpur this year." We are looking for the answer. I was talking with a Mohfagin woman, who said: "My heart is drawn," and I smiled as I answered, "Why not, when things are really true?"

PERSONALS

Japan, Yokohama.—Miss Pratt writes: Good news comes from a country station, where a baptismal service is being held of a prominent man. He was serving in the army and a sudden accident deprived him of the use of his lower limbs. He is doing much literary work at present, and means to use all his talents for God. As he is the leading man in his village, this will mean much for the Christian work there.

Graduates from our Bible-School are doing good work. In Kuki seven are to be baptised. I received two letters recently. Dr. Christopher Moss, of the German Reformed Mission in Korea, after writing of two of the Bible-School graduates under his care, says of one: "Nakagawa Chijouo is now in Wakamatsu. She is very bright and is rapidly becoming a stronger worker than most of the men I know in our field. You are really to be congratulated on the results of your training, as I have had opportunity to observe." Mr. Curtis, of the Presbyterian Mission in Korea, who has three of the graduates of our Bible-School working under his supervision, writes: "You know I am a loyal friend, and your Bible-Training-School has a fine reputation."

HERE AND THERE

A VITAL FORCE.

THE complete interdependence of the world was never more fully manifested than in the crisis which has followed in the wake of the present stupendous European war. Not only are indispensable industries arrested, and advancement in world projects at a standstill, but saddest of all is the handicaps placed on Christian missions.

In common with all Mission Boards, we find ourselves confronted with grave problems following in the wake of stringent financial conditions. New appointments, when possible, have been cancelled, and economies have been suggested in every line of work. Yet we must face the fact that many imperative needs must be met unless we are to close our successful missions, on which the Lord has set His seal.

We must all acknowledge in the words of another, these truths:

"The world stands at the crossroads of history. A few brief years will fix the course of centuries.

"Great crises will come again, but they will spring from the crisis of our day. New institutions, new nations, will be developed, but we shall determine whether they shall be Christian.

"Never again can the vast social movements which are remaking our homes, our industry, our very ideals, be so easily Christianized.

"Never again can we be in a position to fix the future of those who are to come after us.

"Christianity must dominate the new forces, the new conditions, the new nations, the new institutions, the new ideals now or lose the greatest opportunity the Church has ever faced.

"We blame the Church of the past—of Judea, of the Roman Empire, of the Crusades, of the Reformation, of the American Colonies—because it did not know the day of its visitation and let so many opportunities slip from its grasp.

"Will the future say the same of us?

"No generation ever faced such possibilities of future weal or woe as does ours as it sees nations being reborn, civilization looking to the Church for guidance, and yet sees the forces of evil, of Paganism, of Mohammedanism growing more aggressive.

"The Church of Jesus Christ must grow militant or it will grow feeble.

"Christians must sacrifice for their Master or see their Master put to an open shame.

"The opportunity is marvelous and appalling.

"It is God's challenge to His Church."

We come then to our constituency, asking them to remember what a *vital force* money is in missions, and to urge loyal support in this extremity. Our work belongs to you, as you have aided in developing it, your gifts have made expansion possible, and your prayers have brought its rich spiritual fruits. Our orphans have no where to turn save to you, for the succor which took them from lives of misery into the fold of the Great Shepherd, who carries "the lambs in His bosom." Our Hospitals need your continued care of the women and children suffering not only from disease, but withering under the baneful influence of sin. Every department of our manifold work looks to you for the word which will encourage or dishearten our missionaries to whom it is committed.

Financial pressure is great on individuals as well as organizations, but do not economize first on the Lord's treasury. Help us in tiding over this serious crisis by your consecrated gifts, and above all prevailing prayer for wisdom to meet this unexpected emergency.

It has been said: "Mr. Moody had no difficulty in getting money in large sums. He did not spend many minutes talking about money. He spent many days talking about the living Christ and giving opportunity for Christ to do His wonderful works, until he had no difficulty in getting the money from rich and poor. Hudson Taylor never made one appeal for money, either publicly or privately. He talked about the living Christ; and one was conscious that Christ was in him, and there came this contagious touch, and the money was offered."

PRAYERS FOR UNITY.

By REV. ROBERT P. MACKAY, D.D.

I THINK we are all agreed that we are reaching the very central thought of the day and of all the days.

We hear more about prayer recently than we ever heard before, just as we hear more about union, and that is one of the encouraging indications of the times.

Prayer looks Godward and is constitutional. Man is made in the image of God. Man is dependent upon God, and prayer is the language of dependence; we all recognize that. All our faculties are a reflection of God's character, of God's nature. Our intellect is a reflection of God's wisdom. Our consciences are a re-

flection of God's integrity and justice and holiness. Our affections are reflections of God's love. Our will is a reflection of God's power. So we are made in the image of God.

Prayer not only looks Godward, but manward. Prayer has projectile force. Prayer was intended to influence other men. When Jesus Christ taught us to say, "Our Father which art in heaven, thy will be done," He taught us this, that our prayers are to have a transforming influence on others, and with no limitation of time or space. It is a striking thing when you think of it, that God has blessed us with a power that can reach out and touch the world.

There is no spiritual phenomenon that is more thoroughly established than the influence of prayer in the world. No body questions it. It is scientifically true to the very widest induction of facts, that prayer is dynamic. It is one of the greatest forces, it is *the* greatest force that is shaping the destinies of man.

If we could see the cross currents that are operating in this world, we would recognize that after all the great dominating influence in this world to-day is the influence of Christ. We would also find this to be true, the mightiest influences are often the unseen and the unknown, the first shall be last and the last first. There is our position related to God and related to the world, and having this wonderful unknown, unmeasured influence upon each other.

I would like to emphasize that prayer force is increased by co-operation. Co-operation is one of nature's laws. We find it in everything. It is not too much to say civilization and advancement are due to co-operation.

When Jesus Christ said, "Where two or three are gathered there am I," He did not mean that it was only four; He meant that you would develop a spiritual emphasis that would compel Him to come.

It does one more thing. It lifts us all together up to a better understanding and fellowship with God's influence and plans. You cannot begin to pray without thinking; as soon as you begin to think, you think of what God's plans are. You begin to have it as a habit, and have a clearer vision of what God's plans may be. As soon as we begin to do that, we begin to feel the responsibility of action. When a man begins to pray it fastens upon his conscience the responsibility of effort and he tries to carry out the things for which he prays, so you may see what a world it would be if we only here could make this continent and the world feel what the world needs.—*Condensed.*

INTELLIGENT PRAYER.

By REV. GEORGE H. C. MACGREGOR.

IT is knowledge of the *facts of missions*, is to be obtained only by painstaking study of missionary literature, and diligent attendance at missionary meetings. He who has not sufficient interest in this work to desire to hear what has been done, will certainly not have sufficient interest to lead him to pray for the doing of it.

2. Prayer for missions must be definite. What is true of study in general is true of missionary study. We should endeavor to *know something about every mission and everything about some missions.* While we endeavor to keep ourselves informed as to the course of the movement over the whole field, we should have a special interest in some particular corner of the field. The missionaries working there should be known to us by name. We should make them our personal friends. Every scrap of information about them should be welcome. The geography, the history, the ethnology of their fields should be studied. Then they will have a special place in our prayers. Our prayers will be definite and, *growing in definiteness, will grow in power.*

3. Prayer for missions must be intense. We must learn in this matter to labor in prayer. But what is implied in this laboring in prayer? It implies our getting into sympathy with the mind of Christ. It implies that we look on the perishing multitudes with the eye of Christ until His passion fills our hearts, and the burden of their souls becomes a burden we can hardly bear. It means too, that by the Holy Ghost there is poured through our hearts such a tide of the love of Christ that we yearn for those lost souls, as He yearned for the lost world. And then we kneel to pray, to labor, to wrestle, to agonize in prayer, that laborers may be sent forth, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, to gather in these multitudes to the fold of Christ.

A GIFT THAT COUNTS

The charities of the country owe as much to the many lesser gifts of the comparatively poor as to the larger donations of the more privileged few. A servant girl recently found a printed "appeal" in her master's waste basket, and responded to it herself by sending thirty-six cents out of her slender earnings. The gift that involves a sacrifice is the one most acceptable to God.—*The Christian.*



MARY AVERY MERRIMAN ORPHANAGE

FOR MISSION BANDS.

IN THE HILLS.

By FRANCES WEBB.

LAST Summer, with some of the teachers and nurses of our *Mary A. Merriman Orphanage* at Cawnpore, we passed a month at the hills. There were ten of our girls, and we had a four-roomed cottage, nine of us sleeping on the veranda, and the girls did the cooking and washing. At first the people here thought I would have no rest, but I told them I had not brought ten irresponsible girls with me, but those capable of looking after themselves. I wish you could have seen how their backs straightened and the firm womanly look that came in their faces as I said this.

They at once appointed one girl to set the table and keep things generally tidy, and the other nine divided into sets of three to attend to the cooking, as we live on Indian food. Certainly their dishes are delicious, and I enjoy their food far more than English cooking. Betty keeps the accounts, and learned to buy wisely, and she said to the family that they could have fruit for breakfast, as they had saved on the wood bill by picking up twigs to burn. One day she came to me and said she

now knew why I wanted to be quiet when I was busy with school accounts.

One of the teachers plays the organ for the Hindustani church service here, and twice she did the same for the English church. She played hymns which she had never seen nor heard, as if they were old friends.

When we first went to the hills, in walking around a lake, we visited a tiny village of very simple mountain people, who had never heard about Christ.

Two of our native teachers, who had had missionary training, at once made use of what they had learned, and every day three or four went to the village to teach the good news. Alas! we were only here for a month, but some friends who will be here next Summer will continue the work we have begun. When we first visited this village two families asked the girls what country they came from. When they said: "Why, we are Indians, just as you are," the people said: "You do not dress like us and you can all read and sing songs we have never heard, and your religion is not like ours." These people had probably never been farther from home than Blim Tal, three miles distant.

Then they asked: "What can we give you to pay for your singing and telling stories?" They could hardly believe that we did it for love. One day, as we were going away, one said: "You will come again, for it seems as though the sun had come out after many days of rain."

None of the women can sew, and were much astonished that our teachers made all their own clothing. How we did want to stay long enough to teach them sewing.

The children and one or two women learned a few Bible verses and we all felt sure that one woman believed, and we are hoping we have made a beginning for next Summer's teaching.

The party has been very busy exploring and one afternoon slipped away a wee bit mysterious, not saying a word of their plans. When they returned Esther called out, "Oh! Miss Sahibje, look! look!" and in one hand she held five small fish and in the other a bunch of beautiful white orchids. The others held graceful sprays of love mauve orchids, forget-me-nots and ferns. All had sparkling eyes and all wanted to tell what they had been doing, and the flowers they had gathered to decorate our table for some guests.

On the way, they saw the fish in the lake, so Esther took off her *chaddar* (shawl) and they used it as a fish net. Later they say they will take a basin and *chaddar* and we will have a feast of fish.

All the books we possess are full of pressed flowers and ferns, for the wild flowers were new to most of them. It has been most interesting to watch the girls discover things. When we came, there were wild yellow and black raspberries, so they often go berrying. Then at other times they hunt twigs and small branches for firewood. The very first task was to gather pine needles to make mattresses of, and as we were surrounded by pine trees this was an easy task.

Our holiday month has flown on wings for all of us. When we came to bid farewell to the village people they said: "Surely you will come and tell us more next Summer." We had to tell them that we did not expect to be able to go there again.

The last day one of the boys came and said: "We didn't come to beg, Miss Sahibji, but we never have any soap, and I thought maybe you would have a bit left. I would so like a little piece."

Last of all came the cleanest boy and he said: "Not next Summer you will come, but some Summer." "No," we said, "this is our

last," and then we had a very serious talk about what kind of a man he was to become, and he repeated his Bible verses and promised not to forget them. With real grief written on his face and with real grief in our hearts, we parted with a boy who had a great longing to be different and had no one in his village to help him.

A RED LETTER DAY

By SUSAN AUGUSTA PRATT

IF you had been at 212 Bluff, Yokohama, one morning you would have seen seventy or more children coming through the gate and walking toward our Bible School.

These children, looking older than they really are, are employed in the hemp-braid factory in Yokohama, and are all members of the Sunday-school carried on in the factory each Sunday evening by the students of our Bible-Training-School.

For the past year there has been much suffering in the northern part of Japan, because of the famine. Many parents, not having been able to support their families, have bound out their little girls to Mr. Yameda, a kind Christian man with three small girls of his own, who has charge of the work in the factory.

He is anxious to have the children learn about Christ while they are with him, and has a large school room in the factory grounds where the children have lessons each evening. They are kindly treated and well looked after. The first and fifteenth of each month are holidays, and we have meetings in the factory those days also.

At first we all met in Pierson Chapel, where the children listened to very interesting talks by Mrs. Bronson and by a Japanese teacher. Some of our students sang and played organ solos. The children too, recited some Scripture verses and sang two hymns.

Then we went upstairs for lunch, so that the children could sit on the matted floor and be more comfortable. Shall I tell you what they had for lunch? Balls of soft boiled rice mixed with beans and they seemed to think it quite a feast. We gave them all the Japanese tea and cold water they wanted to drink.

After a little rest we played with them, but they work so hard all the time they seem to have forgotten how to really play, though they enjoy being blind-folded and then trying to pick up small paper bags of peanuts which we had scattered over the floor.

RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, from October 1 to October 31, 1914.

ALLAHABAD, INDIA

N. Y.—Brooklyn, Life Line Mission, Mrs. M. J. Donnelly for Bible Woman's support,	\$30 00	
N. J.—Newark Br., Mrs. R. H. Allen for Day School, 50.00; Miss Roderick's Club, 50.00,	100 00	
Va.—Alexandria, Mrs. Anson Dodge for Miss Wishart's work,	60 00	
Total,		190 00

CALCUTTA

N. J.—Newark Br., Mrs. R. H. Allen for orphan, 25.00; Oak Ridge Band for Rachel, B. W., 40.00; Ridgewood, Mrs. F. H. White, Helen Eliza White Scholarship, 5.00; Scotch Plains, "Lend A Hand Society," Miss Esther Meyer, secretary for Christamonia, 12.50,	82 50	
R. I.—Newport, Rev. R. G. Greene for girl in Gardner School,	5 00	
Total,		87 50

CAWNPORE

Mary Avery Merriman School.

N. Y.—Albany, Mrs. L. M. Vrooman for Charity John, 3.75; Schenectady, Miss G. V. N. Lyle for Kahira, 4.00; Yonkers, Mr. L. W. Ketchum for two girls, 50.00,	57 75	
N. J.—Passaic, Mrs. C. H. Demarest for Amandi,	7 50	
Minn.—St. Paul, Miss E. Nimz and Miss Vira Partridge for orphan,	17 00	
Total,		82 25

FĀTEHPUR

Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital.

N. Y.—New York City, Mrs. J. A. Scrymser for "The Inasmuch Bed,"	10 00	
Rescue Home. Brooklyn, Miss C. Chapman, The Northfield Children's Choir for little Polly,	10 00	
Total,		20 00

JHANSI

Mary S. and Maria Ackerman Hoyt Hospitals.

N. Y.—Clifton Springs, A Friend toward support of bed,	2 50	
N. J.—Plainfield, Mrs. M. J. Hamlin for support of nurse,	60 00	
Pa.—Shippensburg, Normal S. S., Miss A. V. Horton, Treas.,	5 27	
Total,		67 77

SHANGHAI, CHINA

N. Y.—Ossining, Miss E. B. Stone for furnishing Edwin Stone Hall,	195 00	
Md.—Baltimore Br., Miss E. M. Bond, Treasurer, Mrs. Henry Onderdook, 15.00; Mrs. Cornelius Weston, 5.00 —for scholarship, Bridgman Home,	20 00	
Total,		215 00

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

N. Y.—Brooklyn, Miss E. J. Ogg, scholarship, 25.00; Mrs. Peter McCartee for country station, 15.00; Corona Leverich Mem'l Band, Mrs. M. Le Fort, Treas., for Bible woman, 15.00; New York City, Miss Julia Van Vorst, Miss Loomis salary, 400.00,	455 00	
Bible School Park, P. B. Training School, Mr. B. E. Rauch, Treasurer, for Miss Kiku Totoki,	30 00	
Md.—Baltimore, Mrs. T. P. Langdon, for tuition of Hisa Harada,	50 00	
Total,		535 00

GENERAL FUND

N. Y.—Brooklyn, Miss A. K. Peters, refund of money for outfit, 100.00; Miss Lillian Anderson for freight on box to Calcutta, 4.00; Mrs. R. L. Cutter—"For the Present Emergency," 100.00; New York City, Miss M. Marshall for freight, 5.00; Miss M. E. Nixon, 5.00; Mrs. D. I. Reynolds for printing, 2.00; Mrs. S. J. Broadwell, 10.00; extra traveling expenses for Dr. MacKenzie, 140.00,	366 00	
N. J.—Newark Aux., collection at annual meeting, 16.00; Oak Ridge Band, 100.00; Ridgewood, Mr. F. H. White, freight fund, 15.00; Summit, Mrs. J. M. Broadnax, 5.00,	136 00	
Total,		502 00

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MISSIONARY LINK

Miss A. C. Maitling, 1.00; Mr. L. W. Ketchum, .50; Miss J. B. Smith, .50,	2 00	
Total,		2 00

WILLING AND OBEDIENT BAND

Rev. D. M. Stearns, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Calcutta,—Mrs. L. A. Ross for Bible woman,	5 00	
Jhansi.—Miss Mina Starr, Mrs. Bayley for boy, 2.00; Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh for Bible woman, 10.00,	12 00	
China.—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Montgomery for Mrs. Sung,	30 00	
Japan.—Mrs. J. W. Howe—Isuru Iijima, 5.00; Miss E. G. Fradley—Kishi Ono, 10.00; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Frederick—Suga Mori, 5.00; T. Edward Ross—Sada Enomoto, 60.00; Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh—Koyukuye Station, 10.00; Mrs. C. B. Penrose—Harada Shobi, 10.00; Miss A. V. Peebels—Yamamoto Take, 15.00; Miss H. D. Boone—Kiku Yamane, 5.00; Miss E. M. Weeks—Luma Muru Kami, 15.00; Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bisel—Chika Matsuoka, 5.00,	140 00	
Total,		187 00

SUMMARY

Allahabad,	190 00	
Calcutta,	92 50	
Cawnpore,	82 25	
Fātehpur,	20 00	
Jhansi,	79 77	
China,	245 00	
Japan,	675 00	
General Fund,	502 00	
Link Subscriptions,	2 00	
Total,		\$1,888 52

CLARA E. MASTERS, Ass't Treas.

Interest and Dividends, July.....	\$1,248 81	
" " " August	90 50	
" " " September	1,036 44	
		\$2,375 75
Donations for current expenses.....		1,000 00
		\$3,375 75

JOHN MASON KNOX, Treas.

DONATIONS FOR MISSION STATIONS

Jhansi.—Baltimore Br., box, value \$50.00; two boxes, stoves and ovens, value 12.50; Mrs. P. B. Millikin and Mrs. W. H. Appold—In memory of their mother; Mrs. Alex. M. Carter, couch, value unknown.		
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Shipments this year to India, China and Japan, consisted of 84 cases; medical supplies, value, \$1,023.38; dolls, 1200; material for dresses, 1049 yards; towels, 188; handkerchiefs, 192. Total valuation of \$3,250.00.

OCTOBER RECEIPTS OF THE PHILADELPHIA BRANCH

(Mrs. Wm. Waterall, Treas.)

Int. on	Mrs. Earley Fund.....	\$27 50
"	" Mrs. Carroll Fund	11 00
"	" Miss Pechin Fund.....	5 50
"	" Miss Davidson Fund.....	100 00
"	" Miss Schaffer Fund.....	54 00
"	" Mr. Haddock Fund.....	125 00
"	" Harriet Holland Fund.....	175 00
		\$498 00

SHANGHAI, CHINA. ENDOWED BEDS IN MARGARET WILLIAMSON HOSPITAL

ENDOWMENT, \$600.

Julia Cumming Jones—Mrs. E. Stainslaus Jones.
Mary Ogden Darrah—Mrs. E. Stainslaus Jones.
Robert and William Van Arsdale—Memorial by their sister, Julia C. Van Arsdale Jones.
New Jersey—Miss Stevens.
Henry Ward Beecher—Plymouth Foreign Mis. Soc.
Ruthy B. Hutchinson—Plymouth Foreign Mis. Soc.
Mary Pruyn Memorial—Ladies in Albany.
Samuel Oakley Vander Poel—Mrs. S. Oakley Vander Poel.
Charlotte Otis Le Roy—Friends.
Emily W. Appleton—Mrs. William Appleton.
Mrs. Bela Mitchell—Mrs. Bela Mitchell.
The American—A Friend.
The White Memorial—Medical Mission Band, Baltimore.
E. Cornelia Shaw Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey
Drusilla Dorcas Memorial—A Friend in Boston.
Mrs. John D. Richardson Memorial—Legacy.
S. E. and H. P. Warner Memorial.
Frances C. I. Greenough—Mrs. Abel Stevens.
Emeline C. Buck—Mrs. Buck.
Elizabeth W. Wyckoff—Mr. Richard L. Wyckoff.
Elizabeth W. Clark—Mr. Richard L. Wyckoff.
Jane Alexander Millivan—Mrs. John Story Gulick.
"Martha Memorial"—A Friend.
Mills Seminary—"Tolman Band." California.
Maria N. Johnson—A Friend.
"In Memoriam"—A Sister.
Marie S. Norris—{ Miss Norris
Mr. Wm. M. Norris.
Mrs. Sarah Willing Spotswood Memorial—By her Daughter.
John B. Spotswood—Miss Anne R. Spotswood.
A. B. C. Beds—By Friends.
Sarah A. Wakeman Memorial—A Friend.
In Memoriam—A Friend.
Ellen Logan Smith—By her Mother.
Helen E. Brown—Shut-in Society.

Anna Corilla Yeomans—{ Mr. George G. Yeomans.
Mrs. Anna Yeomans Harris
Miss Elizabeth L. Yeomans.
Mrs. Mary B. Humphreys Dey—{ Anthony Dey.
Mrs. Sarah Scott Humphreys—
Olive L. Standish—Mrs. Olive L. Standish.
Eliza C. Temple—Mrs. Eliza C. Temple.
Mrs. Rebecca T. Shaw Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.

Perlie Raymond—Mrs. Mary E. Raymond.
Mrs. Mary Elliot Young—Poughkeepsie Branch.
Camilla Clarke—Mrs. Byron W. Clarke.
Sarah White Memorial—Miss Mary F. Wakeman
Hannah Edwards Forbes—{ Miss H. E. Forbes.
Adeline Louisa Forbes—
Agnes Givan Crosby Allen—A Friend.
Sarah Ann Brown—Ellen L. A. Brown.
Caroline Elmer Brown—Ellen L. A. Brown.
Maria Robert—Miss L. P. Halsted.
Zalmon B. Wakeman Memorial—Mary F. Wakeman.
Bethune McCartee Memorial—Mrs. Peter McCartee.
Mary Finney—Mrs. J. M. T. Finney.
Concord (N. H.) Branch.
Sara A. Palmer—Charles L. Palmer.

Henrietta B. Haines Memorial—{ A grateful pupil
Laura Eliot Cutter
Mrs. Thomas C. Doremus—by her Daughter,
Mary Haines, Doremus.
Mrs. Rufus R. Graves Memorial.
Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—
By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable
Alexander McLeod Memorial—by Mrs. S. M. McLeod.
Mrs. Susan Margaret McLeod
Elbridge Torrey Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.
Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.

JHANSI, INDIA. ENDOWED BEDS MARY S. ACKERMAN-HOYT AND MARIA ACKERMAN-HOYT MEMORIAL HOSPITALS

ENDOWMENT, \$600.

Mary S. Ackerman Hoyt—Her sister, Mrs. Maria A. Hoyt.
Mary S. Ackermann Hoyt—Her sister, Mrs. Jeanie C. A. Bucknell.
Mary S. Ackerman Hoyt—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
Maria Ackerman Hoyt—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
Mrs. Jeanie C. Ackerman Bucknell—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
Mrs. Caroline E. Ackerman Coles—Her daughter, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
Mrs. Lavinia Agnes Dey, { Anthony Dey.
Mrs. Mary B. Humphreys Dey, }
"In Memoriam"—A Sister.
Eleanor S. Howard-Smith Memorial—Friends.
Charles M. Taintor Memorial—A Friend.
Mrs. R. R. Graves—Her daughter, Mrs. F. W. Owen.
Associate Congregational Church, Baltimore.
Mrs. A. L. Lowry.
Peace—Mr. S. T. Dauchy.
Annette R. Lapsley Memorial—Miss A. S. Lapsley.
William H. Harris { Their Children.
Mary A. Harris }
Mrs. Henry Johnson—Friends.
Lavinia M. Brown—Mrs. Joseph E. Brown.
Canadian—Canadian Friends.
Jhansi—Friends in India.
Ida Hamlin Webster Memorial—By her mother, Mrs. M. Jennette Hamlin.
Dr. R. M. Wyckoff—Elizabeth Wyckoff Clark.
Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—
By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.
Fannie B. Robbins—By her sister, Mary R. Hoffman.
William Harvey—By his sister, Mrs. George Trull.

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*I give and bequeath to the NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY,
incorporated in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-six, the
sum of _____ dollars.*

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